

S  
365  
I33m  
May  
June  
1971

STATE DOCUMENTS

# DRUGS

1971  
MAY-JUNE

VOLUME 13

NUMBER 4

# FATHERS DAY



# ISSUE

# G O V E R N O R



FORREST H. ANDERSON

## State Officials

ATTORNEY GENERAL ..... Robert Woodahl  
SECRETARY OF STATE ..... Frank Murray  
DIR. DEPT. of INSTITUTIONS ..... Edwin Kellner

## Board of Pardons

CHAIRMAN



J. Peterson

MEMBER



F. Hamilton

MEMBER



J. Glenn

DIRECTOR



B.C. Miles

## Prison Administration

WARDEN



W.J. Estelle Jr.

Dep. WARDEN



J.G. Blodgett

E. Erickson



Business  
Manager

J. Yankoskie



Director  
Classification &  
Treatment



# MP NEWS CONTENTS

## Sponsor



*D.L. Enquist*

Page One Editorial  
 Dreams of Weeping Mothers  
 Happiness is Having a Mother Like You  
 Freedom is Just a Word  
 White Room  
 Shalom House  
 Singing Nuns  
 The Public Cheats Itself  
 Where Goes Life  
 M.S.P. Rip-Off  
 Industries II Interview  
 Art of the Month  
 Cartoon  
 Poetry  
 News  
 AAU Boxing  
 Softball  
 Staff Pictures

S.R. Lockman  
 C. Meyers  
 Hobbit  
 J.G. Blodgett  
 D.D. Voyles  
 AP  
 Luckenback  
 Luckenback  
 D. Tamietti  
 Luckenback  
 S.D. Baker

Luckenback

Archie Warwick  
 Archie Warwick

## ABOUT THE COVER

Great luminescent waves of happiness and ecstatic well-being are wished to fall upon your atman, dear P.M. Welsch, Hobbit. Your diligent and artistic appetite was beautifully exhibited on your job on the cover and efforts at poetry and love. May these forever keep and guide you in the happiness of truth.

The M. P. News is published monthly by the convicts of Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Montana, with the permission of the Warden, Prison Administration and the Board of Institutions. The purpose of this publication is to permit the convicts the opportunity for self expression; to provide a medium for discussion of their immediate and public problems; for the better understanding between convicts and the society; and lastly, to be, and tell it the way it is--constructively and informatively. The M. P. News does not, nor is it intended to reflect the view or opinions of the Board of Institutions or the Staff of the Montana State Prison.

Reprints permitted when the author and the M. P. News are properly credited.  
 ADDRESS: Editor, P. O. Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana, 59722

What really cracks me up is everyone thinking all these years that you get your strength by **EATING SPINACH!**

AHE!  
AHE!



lucky  
dick  
6/15/71

# PAGE ONE

## Editorial

# EXPRESSION

Once again the March-April parole board has met. The nerve wracking ordeal of the parole board has once again come into the lives of a few select individuals here at Montana State Prison. Miraculously, a few convicts have been granted the privilege of being allowed to pass beyond the iron doors and stone walls of this institution. Curiously enough, these convicts' re-newed freedom is more than likely an act of divine grace that has settled upon the members of the parole board and enabled them the semblance of something a-kin to human compassion.

There is supposed to be judgement passed upon the individual convict based upon his work record, discipline record, and general attitude during his stay here at M.S.P. Few convicts are judged on this basis, especially those incarcerated for drug offences. A deeply evident prejudice has been observed towards those involved with drug arrests. The main reason for this is the veritable myriads of moral issues against drug abuse and traffic. The members of the parole board are ignorant of the facts about specific drugs and are unwilling to delve into the offender's past without prejudice in making a judgement as to whether the individual should be granted parole. Also they consider the drug offender's crime as a misdeed worse than a violent act.

During the offender's incarceration he learns first hand from other inmates such glorious things (sic) as perversion, extreme degrees of hate, and disrespect and countless other malevolent new factors of personality composition.

Many drug offenders through the use of drugs obtain certain imbalances of mental facilities and functions, (i.e., neurosis, psychosis, different levels of schizophrenia, paranoia, etc.). Granted, there are programs organized to help these peoples' problems, but the environment in which we are situated (a despondent, perverted, sadistic, incompassionate and violent society) causes any improvements in the individual to be nullified. Consequently, regression in personal character is the rule, rather than the exception.

Something has got to be done to correct this problem!! Proposed solutions are numerous, but without the support of the public the questions involving the remedies are entirely insubstantial. Again,..... WE NEED YOUR HELP, YOUR UNSELFISH HEARTED ASSISTANCE!!!

Invitations are open to any organizations involved with criminology, sociology, and psychology studies. Please come to our prison, listen to the lectures

by the inmates, and learn what it is really like. Also, various activities have been instituted in the form of religion. Probably these have done more good than all the other secular activities combined, barring the superlative accomplishments that Jaycees have instituted.

Now..... our invitation is extended, please take advantage of the opportunity. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO HELP AND WE DO NEED YOUR HELP!!

At this time we'd like to extend our thanks to all our present readers and subscribers for their dilligent support in the interest of the convicts' freedom of press.

Respectfully,

*Scott R. Heckman*  
Scott R. Heckman,  
Managing Editor



Imagine if you will, awakening to see a soft white fog. You curse the drugged stupor that covers your eyes: then your eyes dart furtively about the room and come to rest upon the jointure of the ceiling and the wall. In that fraction of a second, you realize the truth that your eyes are fully focused. Your eyes roam about your surroundings and you see that you are in a room without windows or a door. You see no shadows; the walls seem to emanate a white glow, permitting no shadows to form. You are clothed in pure white clothes, strapped in a pure white chair. The room is nearly cubic, six feet wide, six feet high and six feet deep. The walls are white and as smooth as glass. You can't move your head to see the floor, but you know it must be white like the rest of the room.

You strain against the white nylon bands that are restraining your arms, wrists, and chest, only to feel them tighten. Then your attempt to kick free from the restraints around your ankles and they tighten, constricting the flow of blood to your feet. You try again to free your arms, but the restraints tighten and make breathing difficult. As you are about to lapse into unconsciousness, the straps loosen and allow you to breathe again. There are two sounds in the room; that of heavy breathing and of your rapidly pounding heart.

Then, the wall facing you slides to the left and a pretty blond steps quietly into the room. She is very slender; would she be about thirty-seven, twenty-five, thirty-four..... a little narrow at the hips, but shaped well. She takes a deep breath and you curse the straps which bind you. She is about five and a half feet tall; they've found a lot about you to be able to torment you with the girl you've always dreamt of. Without a word, she turns around to give you a full view of her matchless body. And as you sit: she facing you: the straps which have kept you in the chair fall loose and you rise to meet her. But when you reach to touch her, your hands grasp empty air.

You curse those who torment you with all of the energy that had been desire for her. You curse the intelligence that made you desire her lovely body with its soft curves and gently... you try to beat your fists against the walls thinking that the pain might bring reality back. But the walls are of a soft composition that gives way before your fists, allowing no pain. As tears form in your eyes, you think of what she means to you..... all you've ever imagined in a girl.... in a wife. You cry with the tension of all the time you spent sitting in the chair; but you cry for want of her. A voice, soft and gentle as hers must have been, tells you to sit in the chair and as you comply with the orders, you are again bound into the confining seat.

The end panel again slides open, and as you sit helplessly confined, a feminine hand, her hand, sets a tray of food inside your domain. Then as the panel slides noiselessly shut, your restraints again fall away, freeing you. You pick up the tray and sit down at the opposite end of the room to eat the meal provided. As you are eating, the end panel again slides open and she steps quietly inside. Without a word, she again turns around to give you a full view of that wonderful body. Suspecting a repetition of what happened before, you sit quietly watching her and eating your meal. Then she speaks, "Don't you want me? Do you think you can sit over there and resist me?" You think that since she has spoken this is no illusion, so you traverse the room and embrace her. But your hands close over empty air, so you go back to eating.

The wall again opens and she has returned. You wonder why they want to torment you the way they are doing. You try to ignore her this time, staring at the food on your tray, but you must look at her. She again invites you not to resist her, "Come here and touch me.... see that I am real. Don't resist me, prove to yourself that I am not another trick." But you don't move..... you aren't going to be beguiled again. Then her hands move to the collar of her blouse, taking loose the buttons. So close the soft flesh causes your mind to race, making you decide this time she must be real. So you move quickly to touch her, hold her, love her..... but again she disappears just as you reach for her. And again you curse her for tempting you to. Again you go to eat what food they have given you; you know it is real.

Again the panel opens and again she enters, stepping noiselessly into the

room. Again you resolve to ignore her advances, thinking that the reality of the food will sustain your resistance. You think that you have learned your lesson; not to trust the things she offers. You have seen her, heard her, and you are sure of her absence of reality. She turns and you see what have seen before; a body that is perfect, but unreal. She beckons, but you know that you can't hold her, so why go and be disappointed again? She speaks, "Come to me, hold me, touch me, caress me, love me," but her invitations fall on deaf ears. You won't be fooled again; she can't make you move to take her.

Then as you sit ignoring her, she crosses the room softly, and, as you hold to the reality you have, the food, she quietly bends down and kisses you softly on the face. And you cry out as if in pain. For in that fleeting moment, the time it took for her to kiss you, you realized that this time she is real; and now she is yours.

The man cut the electric current and after a few minutes, a doctor steps into the room and after a thorough check----- pronounces you dead.....

### WHY

People say we're free, in a sense we are. That is if you're over thirty and have been working in the establishment a few years. Then you're in a clique no matter what the rules say. So when a young person comes along and enters their domain, they shut him out. Reason has it..... his age. They say there isn't any discrimination. Then I wonder why when a job of importance or trust comes up, and there's a young man around who is capable of doing the job, they say, "No," and call on an older person to do the job.

Then we question why, and they turn to us with a look of shock and begin saying, "We didn't need you to do it," or "It had to be done right." How do they know we can't do it? Why don't they come right out and say it?..... "We don't trust you because you're young." Instead of giving us phony excuses, just to ease their guilty minds. How are we to open the door of knowledge and experience if they hinder us? They hinder progress to a degree here, but its not here alone. It happens all around us. The reasons: we dress, talk, think and do things a little different. This isn't their good ole yesterday. This is today and they haven't accepted it. .

We, the younger generation; the ones who dress, talk and think differently, are the ones who shall rule this place we call Earth. Believe me, its just around the corner. So, to the people that read this article, I'll say it plainly..... Sure I'm free by law, but there's bars on the outside too!

Only these bars aren't there to be seen. They are the standards of yesterday used on today's generation, impressed upon us by our predecessors to hold us down.

I wonder sometimes, why use the old ways and methods? Sure they might have been great for your time, but this is our time.

It is our time. New ideas are concieved, acted upon, and become material. Why do you hinder them? Try them out. The concern of these new ideas is not with the individual, but for everyone.

Then our community should be a better place to live. Then we might have a better understanding of one another..... It won't happen though, so ask yourself and the people around you.....WHY?

James E. Cusich, Jr.



# THE SINGING NUNS

MPnews



Actually, it was three shows in one. Altogether there were 9 nuns who sang, 1 ex-jazz drummer priest - Pete Barron - on drums, Bernie Rolando on piano, and a Folk/Rock singer/guitarist, Sal Espinosa. All were brought from Butte by Bernie Rolando, through the auspices of the La Barge Jaycees.

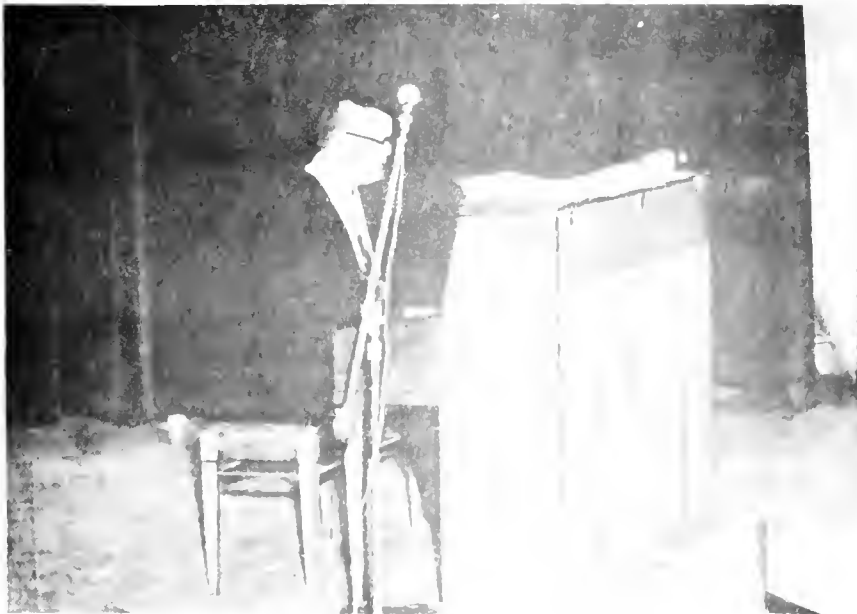
The first part of the show consisted of Bernie on piano and Pete on drums. They belted out a medley of five songs: King of the Road, Engine Engine Number Nine, From a Jack to a Queen, Love, and Lazy-Hazy-Dazy Days of Summer. It brought back a nautlin memory of many pizzas and beers at Shakeys in Great Falls gustily consumed.

Next, the nine nuns all teachers in Butte did seven songs, beautifully harmonized, that included Raindrops, Who Will Buy, Amazing Grace (which to



my surprise wasn't about Grace Slick), and Tra-la-la.

Then, Sal Espinosa ("Your friendly neighborhood schoolboy.") came on and he really came on. His first three songs were A Little Help From My Friends, Mrs. Robinson, and Jackson. Then, he plugged in the old electric guitar, plugged in the audience with his charisma, poise, and talent, and away we went! One song in particular -done on a regular guitar- was really saying something: Four Dead in Ohio. When Pete came up on the stage to back him up on drums, and Bernie on the piano, there was a sort of breakdown in communications: the generation gap raised its head. Sal would wail House of the Rising Sun and Bernie would come back with Babyface or maybe Five-Foot Two, and each would try to blend the genre. All in all, it was a fantastic show, very well done.



SHALOM HOUSE HAS GROWN By Lawrence Pederson  
Missoulian Staff Writer

Shalom House has come a long way since its inception last year. From an underground seedling coffee house it has grown steadily and branched into an almost self-supporting youth establishment.

Aside from the coffee house, which Director Keith Nickerson says barely pays for itself, Shalom now sports a sharply decorated bookstore at 525 S. Higgins Avenue.

In addition to various paperback and hardbound volumes pertaining mostly to contemporary religion, space has been allocated to display work on consignment from local artists and products generated at Shalom.

In the back room at Shalom is a well-equipped wood-working shop, an area for making candles and a portion set aside for decoupage, the art of decorating surfaces with paper cut-outs.

The workers at Shalom have built several book display shelves which will be placed in local churches to increase book sales and circulation and are building large stereo cabinets they hope to market locally.

Probably the most unique thing about Shalom is its grassroots approach to design.

Everything at Shalom has been conceived, hammered, nailed, painted and plastered by Nickerson and his six (sometimes eight) youthful helpers.

Nickerson, 40, insists he is not a trained carpenter and that his helpers are equally unendowed, but the quality work they produce could make a union carpenter do a double take.

Their framed decoupages are never nailed together, but instead are fitted with wooden pegs. That is Shalom's trademark, says Nickerson.

The huge damp, dark basement, besides housing the coffee house, has been transformed into a dormitory big enough to sleep eight, several separate bedrooms for Nickerson's crew and a large store room.

It is probably inappropriate to refer to the people who work with Nickerson as his men, workers, crew or whatever. Everyone works together to help each other to help themselves.

The essence of Shalom is Christian brotherhood and fellowship, but nobody is pushing religion down anybody's throat.

"Be a friend, that's all," Says Nickerson. "You can hang a trip on someone because you're pushing your thing on them. Nobody is hanging any trips on anyone at Shalom.

Nickerson admits there have been some rumors floating among adults that the Shalom House is a hangout for dope pushers and a place "where you can come and smoke (marijuana)," but he said it's untrue.

Many times people come in "stoned", he said, but no drug using is allowed. Many of his permanent residents are former drug users who now try to help other users with their problems and find a new life without drugs.

\$

?

€

¢



# The Public Cheats Itself

The following article is from the editorial page of May 4, 1971's *Mississippi*.

"I think the taxpayer is getting cheated in the way around. He's getting cheated in insurance costs...(and) on the product he's turning out."

Jim Steele, who in December, 1966, became warden of the Montana State Prison in Deer Lodge, wasn't either or - he's just a man who still seems to be - when he speaks from the heart.

But he was a hell of a tough, a man of a prison and a man of a prison.

better job for the society it serves.

The Deer Lodge Facility holds 2500 men. Each man costs the state \$10 a day. That figures out to \$5,840 a year apiece.

The men are confined inside walls which the state began to construct in 1869. They live in a cell block started in 1912.

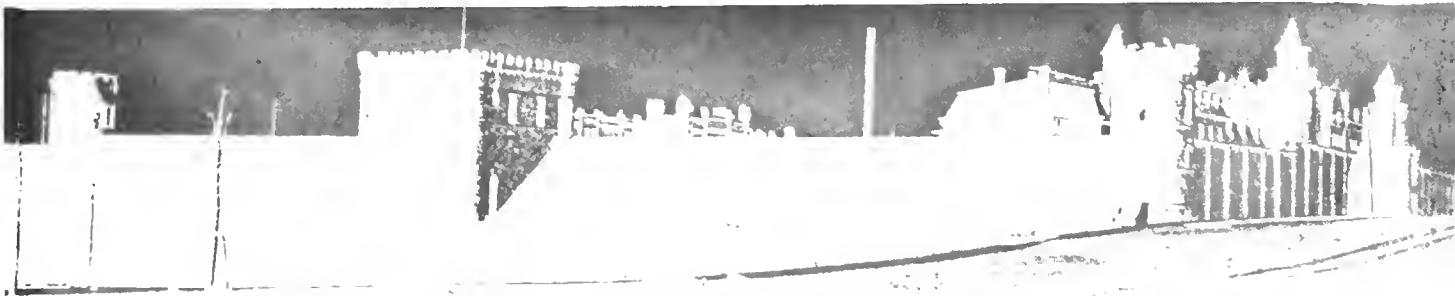
The whole place looks formidable, and it is. The old walls are sturdy, but the brick is cracking. The roofs leak. THE CELLS ARE DRAFTY. THE LAUNDRY IS A SWEAT HOUSE. Except for the library THERE IS NO DIGNITY, DECENCY, FRESHNESS OR ATTRACTIVENESS. The place is clean. STARK. IT HAS THE PHYSICAL HUMANITY OF A BEAT-UP FILING CABINET. (Capitalization mine; -L.)

And Estelle estimates that Montana could save \$200,000 A YEAR (Capitalization theirs; -L.) in maintenance costs if it would junk the prison fortress in downtown Deer Lodge and build a modern prison on the prison farm site outside the city.

The prison's vocational education program is poor, but at least it has begun. There was nothing a short time ago. ...guards start at \$420 a month and Estelle knows the staff cannot be improved beyond a certain limit on such miserable pay. He wants a beginning wage of \$550 a month with a five per cent increment raise for five years. He wants it desperately because the effectiveness of the prison depends heavily on the quality of its staff.

But there are limits. Even if the prison gets the vocational training program it needs and gets the quality staff it needs --INCLUDING ADEQUATE MEDICAL, NURSING AND PSYCHIATRIC (Caps. mine; -L.) HELP (which it sorely lacks now), -- there is only so much a prison can do for an inmate without an adequate physical plant.

The prison's task is custody, Estelle says. But the prison also is charged



with the job of returning its inmates to society at least in no worse shape than when they entered.

To actually change a man to a better man requires changing that man's attitude. Many inmates have a life pattern of failure. Education can give an inmate at least a skill to use outside. ...The job is to make the inmates realize their potential as human beings.

...the present prison cheats the public that supports it. The prison is crippled in its capacity to turn out men who will not return --at a cost to our society of \$5,840 per man per year. And that doesn't count the cost of the crimes they again commit, or the expense of catching and of trying them.

The prison is an important part of the state's criminal justice system -- a system under examination and critique during Law Week.

Right now, as Estelle said, the public is getting cheated. And it's the public that's doing the cheating.



# Life

Goes

# LIFE

It was an isolation cell, eight feet long and eight feet wide; steel walls on three sides, steel bars on the fourth. There was a window and if I stood on my bunk I could look out and see the courthouse yard and the trees. This window tormented me since it was my only view of life and yet showed me what I was so painfully missing.

It was early spring when I first looked out the window. I watched the world and especially the trees for many days then. Startling, thought provoking, and even intimidating became the view to me.

When I first noticed the trees, they were barren, almost shapeless forms. They began to change---- first slowly, then rapidly. As the days grew longer the trees sent forth buds bringing about an image of green life struggling to burst free. Slowly the buds opened and tender small leaves pushed their way out into the world.

As Spring turned to summer the leaves seemed to rush to a full mature size turning the once barren shape of the tree into a beautiful image of nature. This image of nature was a joy to all who beheld it. Young lovers would sit in it's shade and talk quietly, small children would play around it, and on Independence Day it sheltered from the sun a speaking delegation, and all the while the leaves were growing to full maturity.

Later in the year, the tree produced little windmills of it's own seed which could be seen spinning off in the wind, seeking the fertile soil that they need to grow.

In the fall the leaves began to change. Slowly they lost their deep rich green and turned into a brown rusty color. Then, few at first, later, many at a time, they began to fall to the ground. Soon the ground was covered with dead and decaying leaves. The tree was once again barren.

Then, the strangest thing of all happened. A man came carrying a rake. Using it methodically and efficiently he soon had the dead leaves heaped into a massive pile. Then he set the leaves aflame, their smoke drifting up through the barren branches that had once nourished and supported them.

Is this then the cycle of life? Are we born into a stark and barren world to grow and bring color and beauty upon a stark society? Do we provide shelter and happiness for those around us? Must we cast our seed into the wind hoping that it shall find fertile soil as we have done? Is it our fate to age, wither, and die, to be raked together in our final resting place, to burn into a pile of ash, nevermore to appear, with only the stark barren limbs of society to view our final fate?

Yes! No! Maybe! Who knows how much we are like that tree? I viewed it all from a cell, looking through cold steel bars and if my life should be led as the leaves led theirs, then I say that I was happy to be behind those bars.

There must be more! There must be!

by David E. Tamietti





## INDUSTRIES II

Due to popular demand, we have decided to run a series of articles on the various departments and "rehabilitation" programs now in effect here at M.S.P. The first in this series will be on the work area known as Industries II. This work area contains three shops and at present there are seven "cons" performing the tasks assigned to them. The work supervisor's name is Master Fadness.

### UPHOLSTERY SHOP

Upon inquiry, it was discovered that most of the work performed in this area is done in this shop. This work consists of repairing and refinishing chairs, as well as upholstering them. All of the work for all of the state operated institutions is done in this shop. At the present time, there is a work order being filled for THE HOME FOR THE AGED AND SENILE in Lewistown, Montana. There will be an estimated 800 yards of fabric and nagahyde.

The inmates who are assigned to this area are afforded an opportunity to learn various techniques and styles of upholstering.

At the present time, there are only three inmates working in this area of the shop. Also, it takes at least three years for a man to learn this trade properly. If an inmate shows some interest in his work, he can receive up to thirty cents a day, as compared to forty-five to fifty dollars per day on the outside. If and when an inmate gets out on the streets, he will have to start out as a trainee in this trade. With the experience gained in this shop, he might have a shade of a chance on remaining a free man.



Master Fadness admits that most of the equipment used at the present time is rather outdated. Last year, an order for new equipment was turned down. It is hoped that in the future, an MDTA course in upholstery will be offered here at M.S.P.....

### SHOE SHOP

In this area of Industries II, all of the work needed for state institutions such as the prison and honor ranches of the prison system is performed according to the work of the men in blue. According to the opinion of the work supervisor, "the equipment is in fair condition". The materials used in







R DE 1-1-1952



this shop vary with the job being done at the time. In this shop, they also make leashes and harnesses for the prison dogs, as well as holsters and gun belts for the armory and towers. It is not known at this time the pay scale for this job on the outside. It is generally considered to be a blue-collar job.

#### WOODWORKING

This area of Industries II is basically involved in the repair and refinishing of the chairs and tables, that are later covered by other inmates. In the fall, they construct toys and miniature chairs and rockers to be given away at the Christmas programs here at M.S.P.

At the present time of the interview, there are only seven inmates being used in this area of the institution. There have been up to 35 persons working in this cotton gin. In the opinion of the work supervisor, Mr. Fadness, it is a fact that the inmates who work under him in these various areas learn more from each other than from him. This is due to the lack of training on his part. However, he does have, evidently, the bare minimum of experience so as to supervise the tasks assigned to the inmates.

According to the general opinion of the inmates interviewed, the pay scale leaves quite a bit to be desired. It has been suggested that the inmates receive a percentage on the articles that they do. At the present time, a seventy-five dollar job can be performed for just the cost of the materials.

Also, it has been suggested that the daily rate of pay be hiked to at least ONE DOLLAR, and for the state to stop furnishing tobacco and razor blades. The blades aren't worth one stroke, and we could buy our own tobacco from the commissary. It is also well known that most, if not all of the facilities if not all of them here at M.S.P. are obsolete. Not to mention the code of conduct that we are forced to comply with. The guards are supposedly to be referred to as "correctional officers". This insinuates something along the line of men trained in psychology so as to help us with problems as well as to keep his own under control at the same time. There should be some form of a physical aptitude test for the personnel at least once a year to eliminate the totally unfit from exposing themselves to undue risks by being inside the walls with such hardened criminals. (sic) Also, it would be really appropriate to have some form of psychological screening to eliminate the tormentors and the mentally unfit from being exposed to people who have hardly no ways to alleviate the conditions that they are exposed to 24-hours a day, except to turn on each other with some form of violence or perversion. An unfit guard can cause circumstances among the inmates that cannot repeat, cannot be coped with according to Hoyle. THESE PROBLEMS CANNOT BE CORRECTED UNLESS THE PRISON HAS THE MONETARY AND MORAL SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC!! So please, help us to help ourselves.

The kids that ripped-off that I-10 office for all those files that disclosed how J. Edgar's 'Federalies' had been (and ARE!) spying on congressmen, senators, citizens, dogs, cats, and I don't know who all else, really started something. Not only is there mass paranoia, but it's also a kind of a status thing to be spied upon now. So extending this trend a little, let us suppose that some radical militant freaks had pulled a raid on the hypothetical ultra-secret files in some East archive here at W.S.P. and what this information would reveal: SUPER-SECRET ANALYSIS OF DATA, MONTANA STATE PENITENTIARY, CONFIDENTIAL! A security clearance of either F-0 or E-1 is required before checking out data herein. Caution: data could be harmful to your mental health and state of general apathy; you could become interested and forget that these are only statistics and not people. You have been warned.

**INTRODUCTION.** The data analyzed in this report is a culmination of a Social Service Department Statistical Data Sheet concerning the characteristics of the inmate population from January 1, 1970 through August 6, 1970 as compiled by Mrs. Gladys Hightower, Social Inquiry Interviewer and updated by D. L. Enquist, Inside I.D. Supervisor. Although the data has been obtained from the interview verifying records of all inmates received during the first seven months of 1970, the sample is considered large enough to represent generally the characteristics of the total inmate population. In 1970 we received 228 new inmates and 44 parole violators, making a grand total of 272 received. The high number at the start of 1970 was #22724 and is now (5-6-71) 23041. The average age is 29.6 years old. (Ed I think I ran into the .6 cut in the yard just the other day.) The average education is 7.4 grades. 31% of the total population is here for Burglary, with Grand Larceny placing second by having a 12% average. Forgery and Fraudulent Check both tie in a dead heat of 11% to place third. Oddly enough Narcotics-Deals is 11%, and that heinous Crime Injuring Public Jail (!?) is 11%. The killers don't place too high with only 1%, but of course this is taking into account that our Crime-Other and Incest (1% each) are for some obscure reason or other listed as separate categories. All in all it totals out: TOTAL CRIME AGAINST PERSONS: 26%  
TOTAL CRIME AGAINST PROPERTY: 74%

Religion-wise we have Protestants 27%, Catholics 27%, Agnostics are 2% and No Religion 16%. Methodists are predominant with 31%, Baptists and L.D.S. tie for second with 20% each. Jews 1%, Buddhists, and Presbyterians all have 6%. Pentecostals and Day Pentecostals each have 1%.

73% of the population is Caucasian, 12% European Stock, 12% Mixed Caucasian-American, 10% Mixed American, 1% Mixed Caucasian-Polynesian and 2% are Negroide. 45% of the population have never been married, 55% have past or present marriages. 41% have marriages that are (?) or dissolved, and 8% are unknown. All this is based on a sample of 149.

The percentage of new inmates compared to recidivists is new inmates at 60% and recidivists 40%. Ed, we'd find out something if anyone is listening at all.

Occupational Skills now. Laborer 10%, Carpenter (no percentage are available) as the top of the categories.

37% of the total population were not drinking at the time they committed their crime, while 63% said they were. (Alcohol-related drinking?)

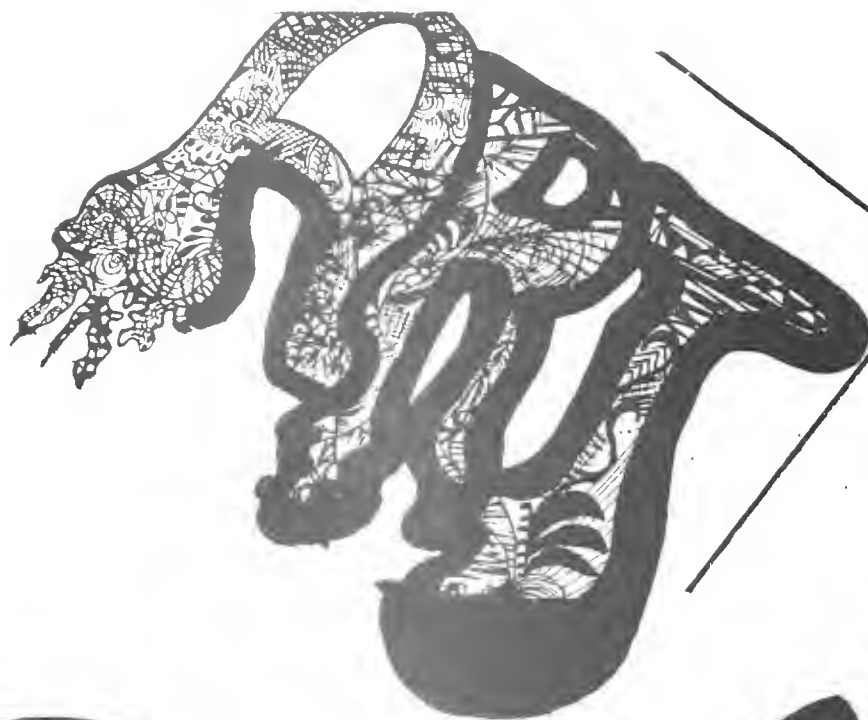
**WARNING:** Now that you have read this data, you are involved in it one way or another whether you want to be or not. Think about it.

.....Luckenbach

**MP new**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Making music is like taking ideas you've got, putting something put into your head that wasn't there to begin with, either in altered or suppressed form.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
.....Alan Lomax, Music Critic; May Downbeat  
\*\*\*\*\*

**HAPPINESS  
IS SHAVING A LOTTER  
LIKE YOU.**





OF  
WONDER

THE

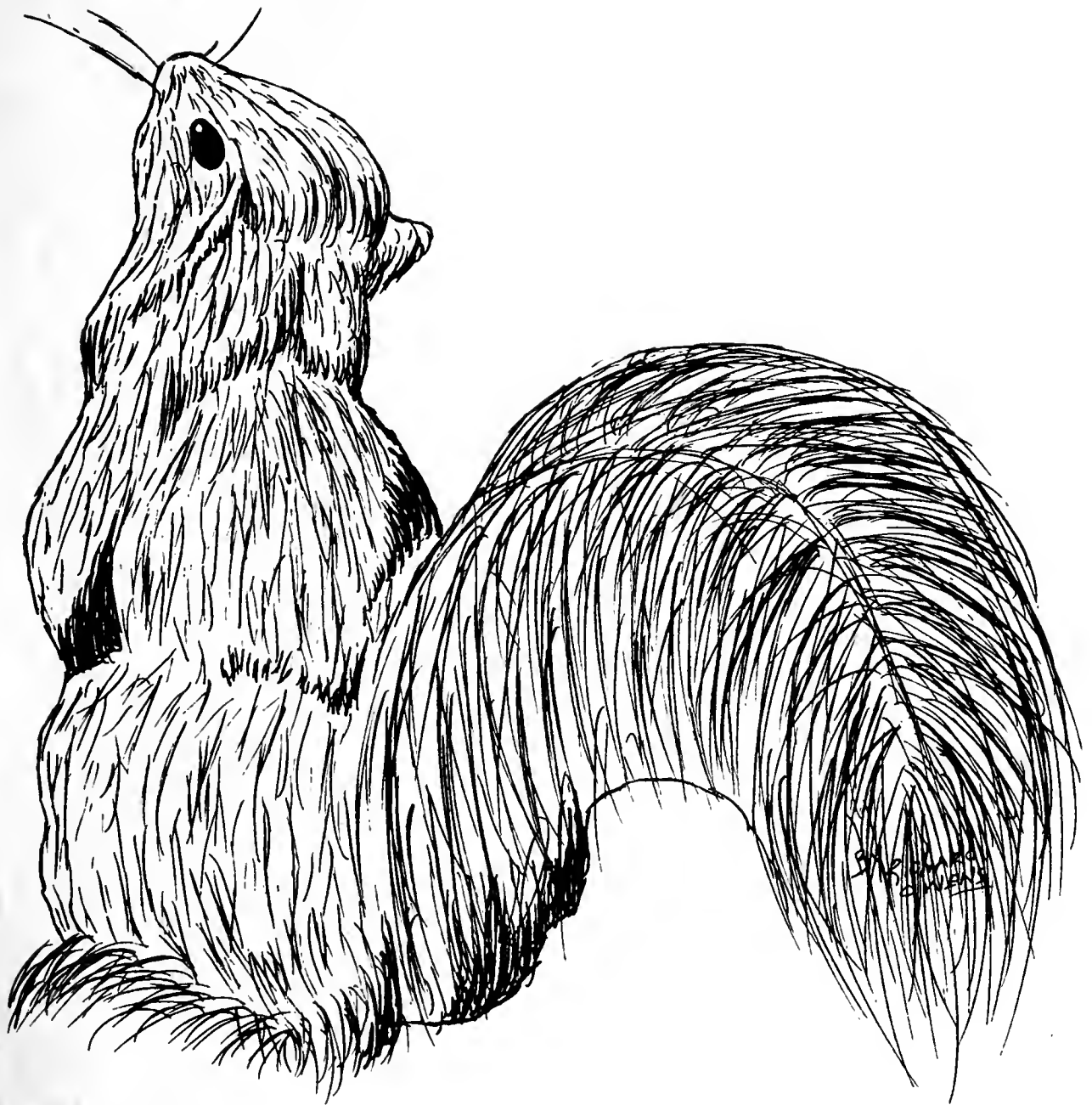


LELAND ARKINSON  
H22



THE  
DUEL  
FOR LEADERSHIP













By Richard Owen  
"71"



~~CLOYSE~~  
~~+ LAMEL~~  
ENEMY BOY  
TTT



## island lantern

INTERPRETER

THE BULLETIN- What are you people doing, kissing feet in hopes of getting a parole? WOW! The crap you people are publishing ranks even with that of the John Birch Society, the AQUARIUS, and the writings of the editor of BEST SCENE. I do agree with you that someone must oversee the activities of the uniformed staff (screws, bulls, guards, or what ever YOU prefer to call them) but until you have the bulls supervised by a second Christ or Ghandi.....What more needs be said? What are those untruths, lies, and misleading details about Marijuana, Mother Weed, doing in your publication?? Have you been receiving electro-shock therapy? Or have you been used as a guinea-pig by the government to test the effectiveness of a new form of Amerikan brain-washing????

Your printing quality is really superb but the content of your magazine is lacking and not up to the competency that should be made adamant in a prison publication. Where are your photos? Art? I do happen to know that there are artists at your joint.

Why don't you people tell it like it is? Are you censored Too? If you are, let us know. After all it is illegal to limit the powers of the press, and freedom of speech. Or are you willing to sit back like a nigger in slavery (No offense to my Soul-Brothers) and dig your suppression of inalienable rights?.....Well go right ahead Unca! Tom. If you believe in something.....do it.....

Look in the future, please keep sending us your publication even if you don't change we are in constant need of amusement.

REFLECTOR- You Chicks are really getting yourselves together! Really glad to see a fine publication without any condescending impressions. A very amplified "Right On" to Jackie Mosley. It is a privilege to see good art displayed tactfully and attractively with relevance to a corresponding article.....Right Sandy Oppgaard? Oh, and "Man's inhumanity to Man".....you did a very FINE and explicit work, Jean Fowler, in your article THE LOCK-UP SYSTEM.....

All in all our staff has found your publication to be one of the most refreshingly original and outspoken that we receive.....bar none. One suggestion... sisters, how about a bit of color? Black truly is beautiful but so is the spectrum.....

CASTLE COURIER- Ah, Brothers subjugated by our Nation's Press Gangs and totalitarian benign greedy capitalists. You too have a publication that makes our staff envious of your accomplishments. Your general content is above criticism and my feelings are much along the same line as yours and I realize the B.S. you cats have to put up with. But more power to you dudes for what you are doing and the amount of press freedom you have managed to obtain. "Power to the People," men.. keep up your amazingly original production of short stories and art displays. I'd like to rip-off some of your stuff, but-----  
KEEP YOUR PUBLICATION COMINE....PEACE!!!

ADVOCATE- Advocate, what is your prison really like? Are you people really happy with your institution and the present administration? I know, but the public has little idea what a prison consists of. The excellence of your paper's quality is beyond meaningful conveyance. Your most recent cover was done with the utmost

taste..... Viola! But your magazine is like most others in content, it gives one the impression that the bulls are writing your material. Why not continue your art work through out your publication? The inside is devoid of color and beauty. This makes your cover very misleading..... poorly representing what may be found amid the covers. Please, it is not so impossible to up-date your magazine and make it a thing of culture as is representative of your cover.

CRITERION- Excellent in all regards, but why? Why do you interview an ex-smack freak concerning the natures of hallucinogens? How many times have you heard the controversy discussed about Marijuana leading to harder drugs? Here are some righteous statistics:

APPROXIAMATELY 90 PER CENT OF THE SMACK USERS HAVE STARTED ORIGINALLY BY USING GRASS. BUT ONLY 2.86 PERCENT OF THE GRASS USERS HAVE GONE ON TO HARDER DRUGS! Most of the alcoholics today begin drinking problems with Coka-Cola.

SAN QUENTIN NEWS- Another well done publication. Unfortunately it has the odor of the administration about it. Damn those who censor.

CONCEPT- We are in sympathy with you, your photographs are atrocious!! But then we are fully aware of the problems existing when one has to put up with those un-imaginative people; the printers. Your content is excellent and shows your population's interest in helping one another. Is this what really is happening behind your walls?

The COLONY- Very attractive quality newspaper. No pictures!! A newspaper is all that you have. Possibly make your already attractive by adding some culture to it.

The CLOCK- Blaaaaa!!! You people's minds are not really as mentally emaciated as what is exemplified by your content. Or are they? Very well done, but where is the personality that prisons are supposed to generate? Why are you hiding this factor of depression and melancholy of today's incarcerated people's?

The ISLAND LANTERN- Our Brothers in Washington; you people are doing a very fine job! What can we say? Congratulations! At last we have been recognized by a member of the Penal Press Exchange as a fellow member. Thank you!

RAIFORD RECORD- Envious are we with the progress shown in your last issue. And thanks for that out-a-sight poster that you enclosed in your magazine. We've got it displayed in our office. We also wish to someday see entertainment in Montana that could possibly rival yours. It is getting better, but what can be expected here in Siberia?



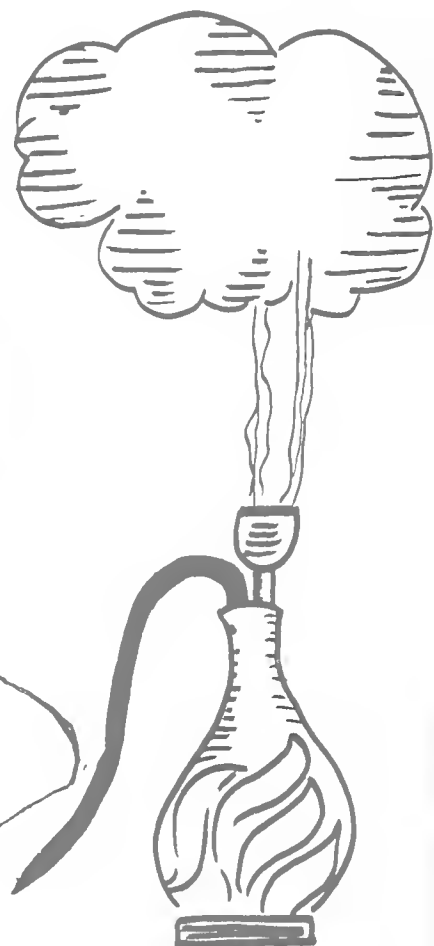
 **THE TIME**

**SCENE  
BEST**

**THE  
CLOCK**

**ADVOCATE**

# POETS



## THE ROADS OF LIFE

1.  
It was easy to cross the mountains.  
It was easy to climb the peaks.  
The level roads on the plain  
turned out to be harder to travel.  
I met tigers in the mountains.  
They didn't harm me.  
I met a man on the plain  
and he arrested me.

2.  
I was a representative  
of the new Vietnam  
on a visit to the leaders  
of a brother nation.  
A storm like the waves of the ocean  
overwhelmed me.  
I found myself honored  
with a prison cell.

3.  
I am an honest man  
with untroubled conscience.  
But they suspect me  
of being a Chinese Spy.  
The roads of life  
are always dangerous  
but it is less easy  
to get over them now than ever.

from PRISON POEMS by HO CHI MIN



## DEATH

Death lurks  
in wait for me  
behind my bedroom door.  
But why, pray, do I slink and hide?  
Come! Rejoice, as I step inside.

Hobbit

## LIFE SAVER

I had a life saver that  
was like the Phillippine Islands!  
While Scott Played bongos  
on his chair  
and Led Zeppelin rambled on,  
the orange peel on my chest  
glowed like mescaline pie!

Hobbit

## A FRIEND

I had a friend once.....  
but he died.

Hobbit

He who sees a need and waits  
to be asked for help is as un-  
kind as if he had refused it.

DANTE

We have two ears and one mouth that we may listen the more and talk the less.

GREEK PROVERB

### "DIAMOND DAN"

From out of the East, and into the West,  
appeared a man, with a smile on his pan,  
who was later to be known, as Diamond Dan,  
For under his lips, were the brightest chips,  
that were ever couched, in a human mouth.

He knew about dag's and nag's and such,  
as for feats reknown, they would be crowned,  
as they made their rush, under his special touch.

He fell in love with a beautiful dove,  
and changed his form, because of an April storm,  
and crossed the tracks to seek new facts,  
in a brand new land, with his love in hand.

His true love he brought, to what he thought  
was a bright new start, after beifngin the dark,  
and he extended his hand to every man,  
and vowed he would live without his shiv.

He changed his name, and sought new fame,  
hy buying a saloon, which he opened soon,  
and barred no fow, though it brought him woe,  
and gambled his life, that it was worth the rife..

Though he went uphill, as gamblers will,  
and last the pot, he had so bravely sought,  
which left a void, that he couldn't avoid,  
because of a ticker, that failed to flicker.....

And now he is gone, to the far beyond,  
and I for one, will lay a million to one,  
that through-out the land with his scroll in hand  
Saint Peter was searching, for Diamond Dan,  
and under his name, wrote well of his fame,  
before the devil, could put in his claim.....

BY DON BENTLEY

### "WHERE WE ARE BOUND"

My Darling, come with me where I am Bound..  
To that Great and Wonderful Land,  
For God I have Found  
and His Love is so Grand...  
So give me your hand  
and together we will leave  
for that fair and Beautiful Land,  
Where there is Joy and Love  
and together we will be always  
for there, Pure Gold covers the ground,  
and away from there, Satan stays,  
from God's Golden City where we're bound...

By Chuck Mc Broom

"SELF IS THE ONLY PRISON THAT CAN EVER BIND THE SOUL...

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

"THE BLACK FLOWER OF SOCIETY IS THE PRISON..

BY HAWTHORNE.....



This world that dwells within my head is a void  
filled with memories of sorrow

ecstasy

love

and----- pain

all enshrouded by the mist of doubt's veil.

Loneliness is gathering now, from nowhere,  
and being nothing, I've got no way to hide my fear  
of being the only one that's really ever been here.....  
in the void  
in the nothing, nothing  
nullus, nought.

Naked, stripped of all that really wasn't..... I'm fearful.  
Fearful of the nothing that always was, is and everwill be.  
Abhorring, I'm not, for there is nothing to hate..... nicht, nyet.  
But lonely, yes, that is me.

I'm a spector masked with a grinning countenance.....  
grimly grinning.  
I'm a spector whose masque is that of the one who loves,  
loves all and is all.  
But alas, this hideous ghost is the masque  
actually crying, body rent by laughter's sobs (when I had a body).  
This ghost..... wailing to himself through lonely eyes-----lonely tears,  
searching for another that dwells within the void of himself.

There once were walls I couldn't see..... when I wanted to.  
There once were people I couldn't see..... when I wanted to.  
There once was a world I couldn't see..... when I wanted to.

But where have all these gone?

AYE! Now.....

NOW I wish them to be.....

and they aren't,

aren't here within my void.

I've lost them and.....

I'm lonely,

satisfied

sick

and lonely.

Maybe someday..... Ah, Maybe.....

Someday, yes I'll be gone and released,

free from the void

that dwells within my head.

But can I really escape?

Is not the void really me?

After all, is not it really what I have created?

Someday..... yes I might, (the ghost from within)

sigh and say..... perhaps----- only perhaps.....

The walls I'll return and people create, and world conceive  
and be once again what I think they would want me to be.



.....DISCOVERED BY  
CONNIE STAUDCHER

(Another  
inspiration from  
R Crumb)

# A SUBLIMINAL BLOND SPEED-FREAK I MET AT PAT & PATTI'S

You sped through my mind at 100 miles an hour  
top down look out Honk Honk Whoosh  
completely ignoring the stoplights in my eyes  
and the on ramp to my soul  
Next time around you'll see a detour sign  
all around my smile

LUCKENBACH

## THE THOUGHT POLICE GOT ME

The Thought Police got me  
illegal possession of Dangerous Dreams

I was dreaming of Freedom

I was dreaming of beauty

I was dreaming of love

yes

the Thought Police got me

Illegal possession of Dangerous Dreams

LUCKENBACH



## LOVE IS A SPECIAL WAY OF FEELING

Love is a special way of feeling.....  
It is the safe way we feel  
when we sit on our mother's lap  
with her arm around us tight and alone.  
It is the good way we feel  
when we talk to someone and  
they listen and don't tell us to  
go away and be quiet.

It is the happy way we feel when  
we save a bird that has  
been,..... or found a lost cat,.....  
or calmed a frightened colt.

Love is found in unexpected places.....  
It is there in the quiet moment  
when we first discover a beautiful thing.....  
When we watch a bird soar  
high against the pale blue sky.....  
when we see a lovely flower that no one else has noticed..  
when we find a place that shelters us and is our very own.

Love starts in little ways.....  
It may begin the day we first  
share our thoughts with someone else.....  
or help someone who needs us.....  
or, sometimes, it begins  
because, even without words, we  
understand how someone feels.

Love comes quietly.....  
but you know when its there,  
because suddenly.....  
you are not alone anymore.....  
and there is no sadness inside you.

Love is a happy feeling that  
stays inside your heart for the rest of your life.

anonymous

## WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised skies always blue,  
flower strewn pathways all out life through.  
God hath not promised sun without rain,  
joy without sorrow, peace without pain.  
But God hath promised strength for the day,  
rest for the laborer, light for the way,  
grace for the trials, help from above,  
unfailing sympathy, undying love.

By Annie J. Flint

IN THE HANDS OF THE FATHER

Quietly in rest in this thought:

lovingly in the hands of the Father,

I place myself in his loving care,

knowing that he loves me,

and approves of me.

I am not bound by burden of care.

I am not alone.

I am free, for he is my strength and help in every need.

I am his child, and I rest lovingly in his protection

and rely on his guidance.

Lovingly in the hands of the Father

I place my loved ones.

With relief and confidence I let go of all worries  
or anxious thoughts about my loved ones in his hands.

He is closer to them than I,

and he knows just what to do for them.

So I place them in his protection,

knowing that wherever they are..... GOD is.

Lovingly in the hands of the Father I place my affairs.

Confidently I relax and know that my needs of home, work,  
companionship, and simply rest with Him.

His love and His power bring my own to me.

THROUGH HIS MOST DELICIOUS TENDER LOVE AND CARE.....

by Anthony Cantu

UNTITLED

sight & sound  
combined into the one  
wholely apart  
    & separate  
from that which is  
    & is  
"reality"  
that none can ever recognize  
as anything but  
    the illusionairy dream  
    the temporary insanity  
    the essence of non-being  
sight & sound  
of the past becoming  
time to trip in the present  
    & dream  
about future happiness  
    that may  
    & may not  
be  
    & be in stock in  
    the barrel of life  
    the Karma of time  
    the beginning  
        of  
        the end

DIRT & THINGS

my friend  
scott  
has ta• around  
his neck  
    & loves  
peace (which as  
we know  
comes only between  
wars) & dirt  
collects on the chain  
to be washed  
in future days &  
then scott comes up  
and gives me  
a great big hug  
for we know people  
are worth  
    more than  
dirt  
    &  
    symbols

BOTH BY  
    john-john

---

He who has health, has hope; and he who has hope, has everything.

ARABIAN PROVERB

# AAU INVITATIONAL BOXING TOURNAMENT



Sponsored by

La BARGE JAYCEES  
and  
NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN  
LEAGUE



M.S.P. BOXERS' TEAM



SHANNON BENTLEY OUTSTANDING BOXER OF THE TOURNAMENT....

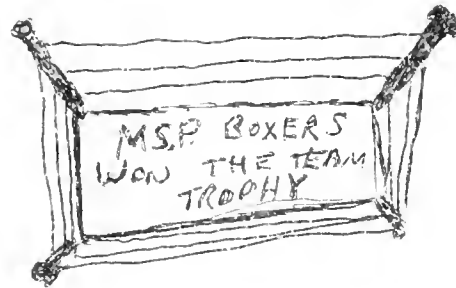
The final results of the M.S.P. A.A.U. Invitational boxing tournament found M.S.P.'s Shannon Bentley capturing the Outstanding Boxer Trophy after battling through four tough fights to win 1st place in the Light Middleweight Division. Billy Baker was awarded the Most Improved Fighter Trophy - which he richly deserves, and worked hard to earn. Dave Laker was awarded the Outstanding Fighter of the Year Trophy; Levi Campbell won the Most Promising Fighter of the Year Trophy and also the 1st place trophy in the Middleweight Division. Dennis Williams was awarded the Hard Luck Trophy after breaking his hand fighting Lakota Highpine, which forced him to lose by default to Chris Lubogagavic, of Butte for the number one Light Heavyweight title.

The final results of the tournament are as follows: Gene Beckman from Billings won a unanimous decision over Great Falls' Ron Azure for the first place Light Flyweight trophy; Azure getting the second place trophy. Great Falls' came back with Like Moe getting a unanimous decision over Billings' Steve Promo for first place in the Flyweight Division. In the Bantamweight department, St. Ignatious' Charles Felsman won first place when Bill Hoff from Billings was unable to answer the bell for the 3rd round.... Billings came back with Shade Patterson TKO'ing Mark Jordan from Butte in 47 seconds of the 2nd round to win first place in the Featherweight Division. Butte countered when Earl Clark won a TKO over Eddie Mitchell from Kicking Horse, in one minute and 39 seconds of the 2nd round, to capture the Lightweight title. In the Light Welterweight Division, Richard Bourdoun from St. Ignatious K.O.'d M.S.P.'s Billy Baker in 32 seconds of the first round, to win the first place trophy. Welterweightwise, Joe Felsman from St. Ignatious won a unanimous decision over Cy Roberts from Kicking Horse to walk away with the first place trophy. Shannon Bentley from M.S.P. fought a unanimous decision fight against Les Wright, also of M.S.P., to capture the Light Middleweight 1st place trophy. In the Middleweight Division, M.S.P.'s Levi Campbell T.K.O.'d Dave Azure from Havre, in the 2nd round to win first place. The heavyweight 1st place trophy went to Gus Gardner of M.S.P., who won a unanimous decision, over Rick Osier - also of M.S.P. after a well hard fight.

The whole success of the tournament can be attributed to the Inside Jaycee's and I.A.I.L. of the Inside. They worked together in organizing the whole program, and had everything set up with the administration as far as the feeding housing for the boxers, refreshments for inmates and outside guests, clean up committees, etc. We wish to extend to all concerned "A Well Done", Congradulations from all inmates and those who attended and participated.



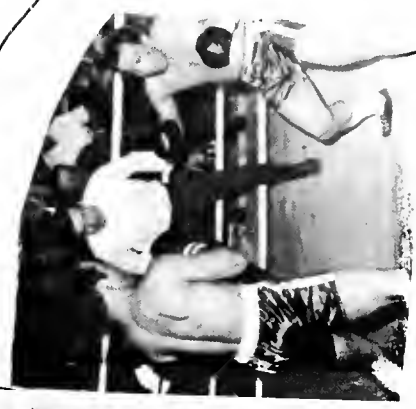
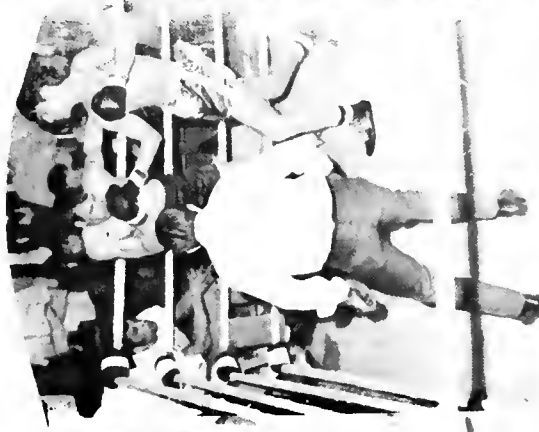
THE THREE TOP PICUTURES SHOW THE WINNERS, THEIR OPPONENTS, AND THEIR TROPHIES..... GOING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, SHANNON BENTLEY IS SHOWN WITH HIS OPPONENT, LES WRIGHT..... BENTLEY WON.....THE MIDDLE PICTURE SHOWS GUS GARDNER WITH HIS OPPONENT RICK OSIER.... GARDNER WON IN A UNANIMOUS DECISION OVER OSIER.....THE LAST PICTURE SHOWS LEVI CAMPBEL WITH HIS OPPONENT DAVE AZURE.....LEVI WON WITH A T.K.O. IN THE SECOND ROUND..... SHANNON BENTLEY WAS THE TOURNAMENTS OUTSTANDING BOXER, AND LEVI CAMPBELL WAS THE TEAMS OUTSTANDING BOXER FOR THE YEAR... ..



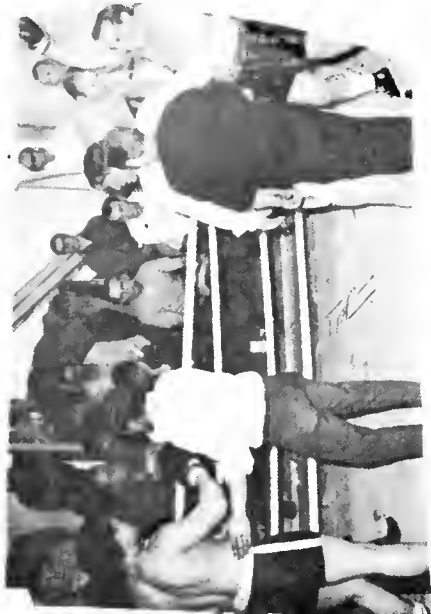
ALONG WITH THE WINNERS CAME THE LOSERS. . IN THE BOTTOM LEFT CORNER, BILLY BAKER OF THE M.S.P. BOXING TEAM TOOK THE 10 COUNT... ..IN THE MIDDLE PICUTRE, LEVI CAMPBELL IS SHOWN WHY HE WON IN THE TOURNAMENT AND THE TEAMS OUTSTANDING BOXER.....IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT HAND CORNER, LEVI IS SHOWN WITH HIS VICTORY T.K.O. OVER DAVE AZURE..... THE WHOLE TOURNAMENT WAS A SUCESS, AND WE THANK ALL THOSE WHO WERE INVOLVED AND ALL THOSE WHO MADE IT A SUCESS..... .THANK YOU.....







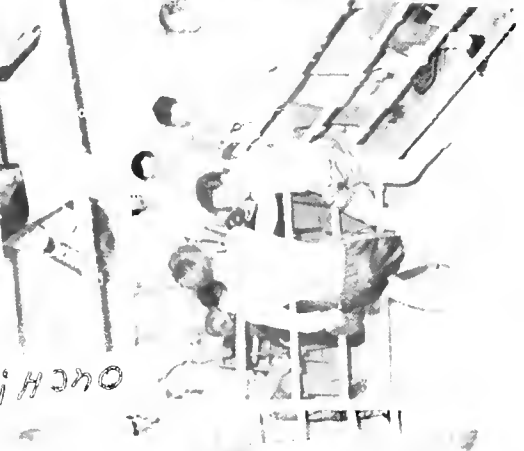
Neel  
pow!



LET ME AT HIM,  
WHERE'S HE AT?



Orchill



A SMOKER WILL  
BE HELD THE 11<sup>TH</sup>  
OF JUNE IN THE  
CLARK THEATRE!!  
MALE GUESTS  
ONLY WELCOME

The Inside slow pitch softball team has started the season off with a winning note.....They have won their first four games of the season. They defeated Willy's Conoco the first game of the season 28 - 4. Home runs hit in this game, were Mike Ford with two and Archie Warwick with one. Wilkens and Campus had a triple each. The winning pitcher was Bill Sather. The second game of the season found the Inside team defeating Wally's Texaco 30-11. The Home Run Hitters were Bill Campus with three big ones, Gordon Wilkens with the next three, and Gordon.. Daniels with two more. Al Bain, Arky Madison, Kenneth Bernhardt, and Archie Warwick all had triples with Warwick getting two of them. The winning pitcher was Archie Warwick. The third game of the season found the Inside team with a field day. They defeated a younger but spirited Mt. Powell team by the score of 31-1. The big Home Run hitters had a field day at the plate.....Bill Campus had three, Gordon Daniels had two, Mike Ford with two, Gordon Wilkens with two, Bill Baker with two, and Bill Sather with one.....Ken Bernhardt and Archie Warwick each had triples. Archie Warwick was the winning pitcher with nearly recording a shoutout. The fourth game of the season found the Inside team coming from behind and beating D.L. Hiatt's by a score of 15-13. The score was all tied up in the seventh inning, with the Inside team getting the last bat. Two runs came across in the final inning to bring about the fourth win in a row for the Inside team. The Home run hitters had another field day with Al Bain, Mike Ford, and Bill Sather getting on each, and Gordon Wilkens getting two of them.....

The following chart shows the Individual leaders in hitting, and the team statistics.....

	B.AVG.	H-AB	RUNS	RBI'S	DBI'S	TPL'S	HR'S
BAIN	555	10-18	7	7	2	1	1
COUNSELL	647	11-17	11	4	5		
FORD	722	13-18	12	15	2	1	5
WILKENS	722	13-18	13	19	2	1	7
WARWICK	777	14-18	11	10	3	5	1
CAMPUS	764	13-17	10	14	2	1	6
DANIELS	647	11-17	9	8	3		4
GARDNER	333	1-3	1	1		1	
BAKER	615	8-13	9	4	4		2
SATHER	500	6-12	5	8	2		2
MADISON	470	8-17	6	5	3	1	
BERNHARDT	615	8-13	4	6	3	2	
RIVARD	500	4-8	4	2	1		
LEWIS	1,000	2-2	2	1	1		
BARTON	1,000	1-1					
TEAM TOTALS	642	123-192	104	104	33	13	28

PITCHING  
 WARWICK  $\frac{W}{3}$   $\frac{L}{0}$   
 SATHER 1 0

• DENOTES  
 TEAM LEADERS

# M. P. NEWS

*staff*

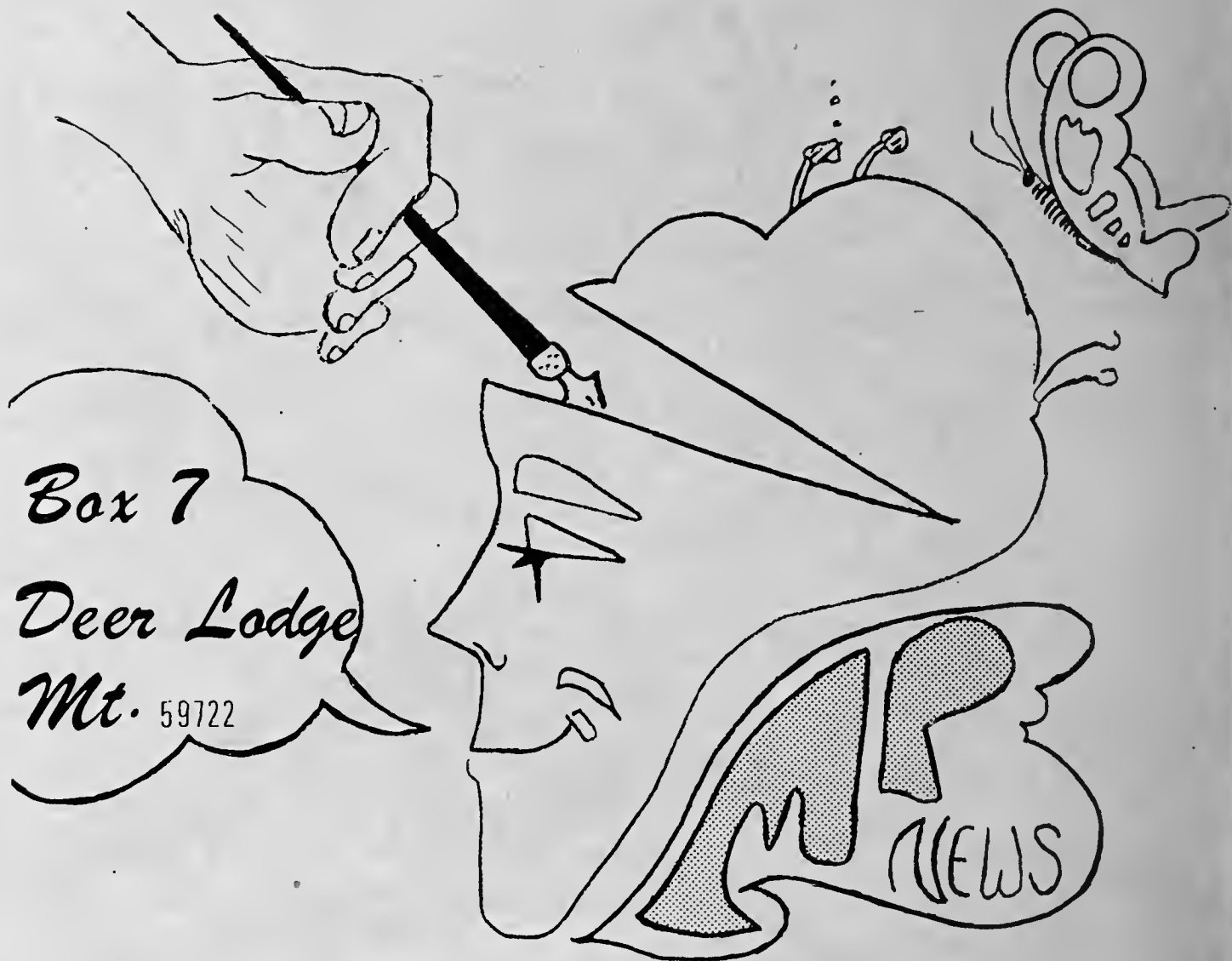
SCOTT HECKMAN,  
EDITOR

LUCKY LUCKENBACK,  
WRITER



CLOYCE LITTLELIGHT \* \* \* \* & \* \* \* \* ARCHIE. WARWICK  
PHOTOGRAPHY





BULK RATE  
U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
PERMIT NO. 3  
Deer Lodge, Montana  
59722